

Nov 15

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AN INDEPENDENT
WEEKLY

Circulation, 1000.

Devoted to the Interests of the Home, School, and Farm.

50c a Year

VOL. I.

BEREA, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1899.

NO. 22.

THE CITIZEN

T. G. PASCO,

EDITOR and MANAGER.

Published at the office of

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Removal Sale.

In order to avoid moving as much of our stock as possible, which would be considerably damaged in the moving, the Students' Job Print will sell any of its stock

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IDEAS.

God helps those who help themselves.

Everything that is worth doing is hard at the beginning.

A man is better than a horse because he can think.

Let us make the last two months of the year the best months.

A man elected to office is bound to serve the interests of *all the people*, and not merely the interests of those who voted for him.

Long winter nights are at hand. Start a debating society; have a singing school. Send the young people to Berea—don't let the devil have it all his own way because they have nothing to do!

Obituaries.

Elizabeth, wife of J. W. Van Winkle, passed away Monday morning, after a painful illness, supposed to be congestion of the brain and spinal cord. Her home had been at Berea for over twenty years. She was sister to Mr. I. C. Davis and Miss Sally Davis of this place. The departed was the mother of ten children, all of whom were present at her bedside. She was deaconess in the Union Church, and many in the community will lament her taking away.

Died Nov. 4, 1899, Mr. Isaac Newton Welch, formerly of Virginia, who lived in Berea more than four years. After having lost his health he returned to Virginia in the spring of '99. He died of the dreadful disease consumption. He leaves two daughters to mourn his loss, one in Virginia, the other in Berea.

He early professed belief in Christ and joined the Baptist Church at Point Truth, Va. Here in Berea he was one of the charter members of the First Baptist Church, and afterwards deacon.

How to Treat a Man.

BY A HORSE.

Under this title the Humane Journal prints the following advice:

When a man drops from sheer exhaustion or illness, promptly seize an end board or a cart stake and pound him on the head and on the ribs. If this does not recuperate him, kick him violently in the belly. This treatment will restore him if persistently administered.

If a man finds his load too heavy and feels that it would seriously strain him to proceed, kick off a fence board and knock him down, and hammer him thoroughly with the board. This will give him renewed energy, and he will make no more fuss. But do not on any account reduce the load.

If a man refuses to drink when you offer him water, don't give him any water for two days. That will "teach him" to be thirsty at any time you find it convenient to attend to him. It is a good plan to ploy the whip frequently on a man who is at work. No matter if he is doing his best, hit him now and then on "general principles," and to prevent him taking any comfort. If his load is not heavy, oblige him to go enough faster to make up for it.

Tie your man's head back in an unnatural position, with his eyes toward the sun. This will give him a "fine appearance," and "prevent stumbling."

To winter remove his clothing "to prevent his taking cold." He will also "dry quicker" when you overwork him. You must tie a blanket on his back (but leave his neck and limbs exposed) when he is not at work. Men thus treated are "much healthier" than when allowed winter clothing.

PERSONALS AND LOCALS.

Elijah Logan is better, and is able to be out.

Pres. Frost's new house now has the frame up.

T. J. Coyle, formerly of Berea, is elected judge in Jackson Co.

C. Fay Hanson is preparing to build a new livery stable.

Look out for the shooting stars. See article elsewhere in this number.

Don't forget that we give a hundred premium with every new subscriber.

Prof. Dodge is preparing to seed his door yard, which has been tilled two or three years to exterminate the wild grass.

Our friend Silas, who contributes a letter to this paper, says that if we publish this one, he'll write again before long.

Miss Jane Johnson has been successfully operated upon in Cincinnati, but her condition is still considered critical.

Let every owner of wood and brush lands read carefully Prof. Mason's article in this number. Its importance cannot be exaggerated.

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A PROCLAMATION OF

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CLOTHING!

We are prepared to cloth you with the lowest-priced, rightly-made, absolutely all-wool Clothing in America. Rightly-made, as it is famous "Vitalis" Brand, the only ready-to-wear Clothing Tailored on a strictly scientific basis in clean, well ventilated workrooms. Perfect fitting and wear-resisting, because the inside, the "Vitals," the very life of the garment, is carefulness in making, represents the expenditure of time and thought, and is a decided contrast to the tailoring seen in ordinary ready-to-wear Clothing. The fabrics that we show are the very newest designs that will be seen this season. Many confined exclusively to us, in the face of the above facts. The most extraordinary feature combining our great offer is, that we can and do sell our Clothing at

LESS MONEY

Than elsewhere. How can we afford to sell such high-grade Clothing for less money than elsewhere? Our answer is pure and simple: Ours is a modern store, constructed strictly on progressive plans, our Clothing is sold on the smallest margin of profit, depending on a large volume of business. The more Clothing we sell, the greater our purchasing power the lower our prices, that's the story in a nut-shell.

COVINGTON & MITCHELL

RICHMOND - KENTUCKY

PRESENT ASPECTS
of
MORMONISM

REV. R. G. McNIECE, D. D.

Concluded this week.

Mormonism never had so much political power as it has to day. It virtually controls Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and Arizona, and in a close election would hold the balance of power in other states, thereby securing quite a group of men naturally ready to oppose any legislation which the Mormons might not like.

III. The fruits of Mormonism. There is something inherent in the polygamous part of the Mormon system which tends inevitably to break down that sense of moral obligation, that discrimination between right and wrong, that truthfulness and honor and purity of life which true Christianity is so powerful in building up. The contrast in these respects between Mormonism and Christianity is like that between light and darkness. We are speaking now in regard to the polygamous part of the system, which tends inevitably to break down that sense of moral obligation, that discrimination between right and wrong, that truthfulness and honor and purity of life which true Christianity is so powerful in building up.

The town board seems at last to mean business in the h-g matter, and we trust that the law-breaking swine may now disappear from our streets and garden patches.

Ernest G. Dodge has undertaken the management of the CITIZEN during the convalescence of T. G. Pasco. The kindness of those who hand him items of news will be appreciated.

Dr. H. H. Haden, Summit, Ala., says, "I think Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a good medicine. I prescribe it, and my confidence in it grows with continued use." It digests what you eat and quickly cures dyspepsia and indigestion. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The college boys are learning a new yell—something about Kumbo, Kiro, Kippo—the blood-curdling strains of which startle the peaceful citizen in the inky hours of early night.

J. D. Bridges, Editor "Democrat," Lancaster, N. H. says, One Minute Cough Cure is the best remedy for croup I ever used." Immediately relieves and cures coughs, colds, croup, asthma, pneumonia, bronchitis, grippe, and all throat and all lung troubles. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The writer disclaims any feeling of unkindness toward the Mormon people. On the other hand, he would be glad to see them prosper. But he knows they can never have any true civil prosperity while they adhere to a polygamous system that is condemned by every Christian nation. The writer, therefore, feels that both patriotism and humanity require him to do whatever he can to curtail the influence and power of this system, by setting forth the facts which condemn it.

Then take as another evil fruit, the tendency of the Mormon system to destroy morality and purity in private life. The gross immorality among the young people in Utah, which is the inevitable result of this polygamous system, is beginning to alarm the chief men in the church.

At the semi-annual conference of the church last October, one of the apostles created a great sensation by the

plain way in which he spoke of the prevalence of this immorality in the Mormon church. In an address delivered at Beaver, and reported in the Salt Lake Herald, December 29th, 1896, George Q. Cannon, one of the two counselors of the President, is reported as saying: "He regretted greatly that he had heard from very good authority that immorality seemed to be on the increase among the young people of some of the towns of Utah, and especially was this the case before marriage."

We know that society among the young people in many of these Mormon towns is appalling for its immorality. But one of the worst things about it is that it is the inevitable result of this polygamous system of Mormonism.

IV. The last point to be considered, is the significance of the recent election of a polygamist to Congress. The chief officials of the church, alarmed at the righteous indignation of the American people, are trying hard to make out that it has no significance, and that the church had nothing to do with it. In President Snow's statement in the New York World, he says: "And further, if Mr. Roberts takes the seat to which he has been elected, it will not in any way affect the question of polygamy. If he should be unseated the result as to polygamy would be no different."

Now the general opinion of the non-Mormons here is just the opposite. They think if Roberts is seated it will simply fasten polygamy upon Utah; and if he is unseated, it will knock the bottom from under the disgusting and mischievous system. The common opinion here is that Roberts was elected for the express purpose of lifting up and honoring polygamy. For he was nominated against the protest of a strong minority of his own party, who objected on the ground of his being a polygamist. And many of this minority refused to support him. But the overwhelming majority of the convention were Mormons, and they were determined to put honor upon a polygamist.

It is practically the rebellious attempt of a whole state to exalt polygamy by forcing it upon Congress. Many of the church officials, since Robert's election, are exceedingly defiant, and raise the insulting question: What are the people of the United States going to do about it? Here is the way one of the apostles speaks on the subject: "Now I would like to know what the Congress of the United States, and all the rest of the people of the United States, are going to do about it? Why, if we wanted to pass a law right here in our State, making polygamy and polygamist marriages publicly lawful from this day on, and forever more in the State, neither Congress, nor the Senate, nor the President, nor all the committees of clergymen and women in America could do anything about it." This is a fair sample of the general opinion of the church officials, although they are not all so frank in its expression. It should be borne in mind, however, that the non-Mormons of Utah want Mr. Roberts unseated, not because he is a Mormon, but because he is a law-breaking polygamist, and is false to the Mormon covenant with the American people, to stop all polygamous relations.

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THE CITIZEN.

T. G. PASCO, Editor and Manager.

BEREA, KENTUCKY

NOVEMBER—1899.

Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
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5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30

It is the opinion of a German occultist that the use of the ordinary slates by school-children tends to produce short-sightedness. As a substitute he recommends pen and ink or an artificial white slate with black pencil. The latter have been introduced in some of the German schools.

JAPANESE newspapers are published in Brooklyn, San Francisco and Honolulu and Japanese magazines at Sacramento and Los Angeles. They are either lithographed or produced by manifolding process. Japanese journalism, at home as well as abroad, follows American models in general.

DEFECTIVE flues are responsible for over 11 per cent of the fires and incendiary next as a cause. Last year 6,891 incendiary fires occurred. Lightning caused 3,479 spontaneous combustion 1,170, friction in machinery 295, natural gas 94, dust explosions 14, and five were caused by the sun's rays passing through window glass.

A SCIENTIST of some standing asserts that chemically pure water is poison to the human stomach, upsetting some hitherto accepted theories regarding distilled water by the argument that in distillation the water loses sundry salts that it greedily abstracts from the animal tissues when it is swallowed, thus constituting a protoplasmic poison.

ALEXANDER AGASSIZ of Harvard university has never received any salary for his services to the museum of comparative zoology. Between 1871 and 1897 he has expended \$750,000 of his private means without making any communication concerning it to President Eliot. He is now in the southern Pacific ocean making deep sea explorations for the university collections.

IN the Austrian court it is contrary to custom for perishable articles to appear twice on the imperial table. The result is large perquisites for the attendants. To one man falls all unworked bottles to another the wine left in the glasses, to another the joints, and to another still the game or the sweets. Every morning a sort of market is held in the basement of the palace, where the Viennese come to purchase the remains.

IT is an Italian doctor who specially recommends laughter as a cure for modern ills. The diseases influenced by a hearty laugh are numerous and range from bronchitis to anaemia. It will be interesting to see how the treatment is effected. A course of tickling is prescribed for bronchitis, for example; a course of farcical comedies might suit an anaemic patient; while puns, fired off at intervals, would be found efficacious in cases of pleurisy.

GEN. BOULANGER's famous black horse Tunis has met an ignominious death. After the flight of Boulanger the animal passed from hand to hand, and finally descended to the inglorious service of drawing a cab through the streets of Paris. This proved too much for Tunis and he was sold to Armand Deogue, a well known dealer in horses, by whom he was duly slaughtered, cut up and sold for stewing purposes in the market place of St. Anne.

AMONG the glaciers found in the Rocky mountains is Grasshopper glacier, which derives its name from the enormous quantity of grasshoppers remains that are found on and in the glacier. Periodically the grasshoppers take their flight southward, and must cross the mountains. Their favorite route seems to be across the wide glacier, and in the passage scores of thousands of them succumb to the rigor of cold and wind, fall helpless upon the snow and are finally entombed in the ice.

ALL sorts and conditions of people patronize the Paris Mont de Piete, or municipal pawnshop. A report just issued shows that among the borrowers last year were 8,500 working people, 8,497 employees, 6,564 merchants, tradesmen and manufacturers, and 2,019 representatives of the liberal professions. Rentiers, who live on their dividends, frequently seek the help of the friendly Mont, and 8,200 of this class are among the borrowers. The institution is looked upon more as in the nature of a bank than is the pawnshop.

THE Vanderbilt bequests are subject to a war tax of from \$2.25 to \$15 on each \$100. The tax is \$2.25 for each \$100 on amounts of \$1,000,000 left to a brother or lineal descendant, and \$15 for each \$100 of sums bequeathed to strangers in blood or a body politic or the corporation. It is estimated that the national government will receive between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 according to present calculation, from the Vanderbilt estate. In addition to this, the state will collect an inheritance tax. The state will receive about \$70,000 from the estate, which is valued at \$70,000,000.

THE QUILL-WORKER.

Plains, plains and the prairie land which the sunlight floods are fills,
To the north the open country, southward
the Cypress hills,
Never a bit of woodland, never a rill that flows,
Only a stretch of cactus beds, and the wild, sweet prairie rose;
Never a habitation, save where in the far southwest
A solitary tepee lifts its solitary crest,
Where Neyka in the doorway, crouched in the red sunshine,
Broders her buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine.
Neyka, the Sioux chief's daughter, she with the foot that flies,
She with the hair of midnight and the wondrous midnight eyes,
She with the deer brown fingers, she with the soft, slow smile,
She with the velvet and the diamonds that dream the white—
"Where come the vague to-morrows?
Where do the yesterdays fly?
What is beyond the border of the prairie and the sky?
Does the maid in the Land of Morning sit in the red sunshine,
Broders her buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine?"
So Neyka, in the westland, wonders and works away,
Far from the fret and folly of the "Land of Waking Day."
And many the pale-face trader who stops at the tepee door
For a smile from the sweet shy worker and a sigh when the hour is o'er,
For they know of a young red hunter who oftentimes has laid
To rest a son with her father, though his eyes were on the maid,
And the moons will not be many ere she in the red sunshine
Will broder his buckskin mantle with the quills of the porcupine.
—E. Pauline Johnson, in Black and White.



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CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

I resolved not to go back to my lodgings, but to quit Florence the moment I had secured my horse. It was necessary, however, to provide some change of attire. I did not intend to substitute a steel corslet for my buff-coat, having a mind to fight my way back to fortune with no defense but that over my heart, and contented myself with purchasing a light steel helmet, a pair of stout riding-boots, a cloak, and some other articles which could go into a small valise, capable of being fastened on to the back of a saddle. These I left at the vendor's, promising to call for them in an hour or so, and hurried toward the horse market, my shadow still keeping behind me, in his accustomed place. Opposite the Baptistry I heard, to my surprise, some one shouting my name, and looking in that direction saw a man running across the pavement towards me. I recognized at once one of my lances, Jacopo Jacopi, a Lucchese, whom I had every reason to believe devoted to me. He had served with me at Fornovo and after; and although he subsequently left me for a little time, on my joining the Venetian fleet against the Turks, he returned to my banner once more, when it was spread on firm ground, and had always proved a devoted follower. He came now to me with joy on his face, shouting out, "Ab, excellency! It is I, who am glad to see you."

Jacopi, I replied, "but my name is no longer Savelli. It is Donati now—and what do you here?"

He looked a trifle embarrassed, as he replied: "I am seeking service—I left the army when your excellency left."

Knowing the man to be a stout soldier, I decided on the instant what to do.

"See here," I said, "I have no time to lose. Will you follow me once more? I am bound to Rome on an urgent affair, and leave to-day."

"Will a dog sniff at a bone? Will a cat pass by cream? Will an ass turn up his nose at a carrot? I will follow to the devil, let alone Rome, excellency, and at once if you will."

"Have you a horse?"

"Nothing, signore, but an arquebus and my sword, which I have at my lodgings."

"Then come with me, we must buy two horses, and leave at once."

"I am ready, your worship," and taking his place a little behind me we hurried on.

"We will have a hard task to get to Rome, unless that the whole country is up, signore," said Jacopo, as we walked along.

"I have thought of that," I answered; "I propose to go by Leghorn, and taking ship there, proceed to Rome by sea."

Jacopo gave such a groan at this that I turned round in surprise, and became at once aware that my shadow had crossed the road and come so close up to us that he must have heard every word of our conversation. This was most annoying, and a disaster of which the future consequences might be most serious. I determined however to be rid of him for the rest of my stay in Florence at any rate, and addressed him sharply:

"Signore, I seem to have excited much curiosity in you. May I ask what it is you want?"

He stood for a moment, at a loss for reply, and then said: "The road is as free to me as to you."

"I admit that," I said; "but I object to your stopping to listen to my conversation, and therefore will be obliged by your passing on, unless you want a more severe punishment than you received last night."

He turned pale with anger, and slipped his hand into his vest; but as suddenly pulled it out again, and without a word hurried past us.

"Mark that man, Jacopo," I said; "whether he is, there is danger for us; and now tell me some news of the army."

"The duke is in full march on Perugia, and means to drive Cesare thence. The whole country is awake, as you know. The general, Ives d'Alegres, is come on a mission to Florence."

"Ives d'Alegres here!"

"Yes, excellency, and the lord of Bayard has hurried to Rome."

"Then this means something that I cannot follow."

"Nor can I explain, excellency."

"And tell me, has the duchesse de la Tremouille gone back to France?"

"Yes, by sea from Leghorn, with a great train of ladies, just before war was declared again. It is said she is gone to the court of the king of Macon, and the escort was commanded by Count Carlo Visconti."

"Do you know any who went with her?"

"Nearly all the ladies who were at Arezzo, for the duke, it is said, would have none of them, now that war was begun again."

I had to come to the question direct: "Was Mme. d'Entragués in the train of the duchesse?"

I am sure of that, excellency. I was with them as far as Siena, when I took my leave."

So she had gone, and I felt a relief at the news. Once in France, she would be safe with her family, and I was honestly glad she was out of the dangers of the time.

We had now reached the horse market, and with some search discovered two likely-looking animals, whose price was within the measure of my purse. I could not afford to pick and choose to any great extent, but for 40 crowns became the owner—after a little trial, which showed they were as sound as I could see—of two nags, one a bay and the other a russet, with an off foot white above the pastern, an unlucky color, and the white marking denoted devility. But he was a shrew-looking beast, and I kept him for myself, giving the bay to Jacopo. Having paid on the spot for these, together with the necessary saddlery, we rode to the shop where I had left my purchases, and collected them. It was here that the idea struck me that there was an opportunity to keep my word, and return her gift to Madonna Angiola; therefore asking messenger the shopkeeper for sealing-wax and some parchment, which he willingly supplied at a small payment, I carefully folded up the tart, and sealed up the packet. Taking it in my hand, I went out to Jacopo, who was holding the horses, and said:

"Come to me, Jacopo. It grows late," and, setting spurs to our horses, we rode at a gallop.

they inquired about a party of five horsemen, who took the road to Leghorn about four o'clock this afternoon. He doubted much if he could overtake them 'ere night-fall, he said, and would have to ride hard."

I poised another crown on my fingers, absently. "Do you know any of the party who went ahead?"

"No, excellency; but their leader was an old man with a long white beard, and I think I heard him addressed as Ceci. Excellency, the wine will flow to-night—a hundred thanks!"

I dropped the crown into his palm, moving him to his closing words.

"Come on, Jacopo. It grows late," and, setting spurs to our horses, we rode at a gallop.

CHAPTER XII. THE AMBUSHACADE.

It is good to go through the air, with the strength of a brave horse under one, to know that his strong muscles are stretching with an enjoyment as keen as his rider's pleasure, to hear the air whistle as one cuts through it, and to feel the blood fairly dance in the veins. After those weary weeks of illness, of inaction, and of mental despair I had passed through, it was as if new life was poured into me, to know that I was once more in the saddle, with a prospect, however faint, of regaining all I had lost. As the landscape on each side of me melted into a green gray streak, it seemed to carry away with it my suffering; as the true horse was willing to the touch of my spur, I forgot the past, and was once again Ugo di Savelli, with a spirit as high as the days before the black sorrow fell upon me. To the left of the road was a broad stretch of springy turf, crossed by a fairly wide water channel. I could not resist giving the beast a burst over this, and, followed by Jacopo, galloped over it with a free rein. Both the horses took the jump like bucks, and, carried away by the moment, we held on until we reached the stony and bowlder-covered incline which led to the valley of the Greve. Here the turf came to a sudden end, in a line such as the edge of a calm sea makes in a bay, and then began a steep descent of gravel and loose stones, whose many colors of gray, ochre and brown, were splashed here and there by masses of short, thick shrubs, which gradually increased in denseness, until they spread before us, a sea of somber green, that stretched to the clear blue of the Greve. Here, on the crest of the slope, I drew bridle, thinking the horses had enough of it for the present, and that it would be well to husband their strength. Jacopo pulled up alongside of me, and, stooping to pat the neck of his mount, said:

"Excellency, the horses are in good condition; they will carry us well to Leghorn!"

He spoke the truth, for although they might have been in better training, as the few clots of yellow white foam on the part of the reins which had touched their necks showed, still we should have been content with less from new and practically untried purchases, such as we had made, and I congratulated myself mentally on our luck, for Barabaldo himself would have had much to learn from the horse-dealers of Tuscany.

"By keeping at this pace, excellency," said Jacopo, as we trotted on, "we shall reach the Resa shortly before it gets quite dark, and I submit that we stop there to feed the horses. As your honor commanded, I have brought a meal for them, and there was space enough in the sack for a snack for me, which would do at a pinch for two, if your excellency would but condescend to taste of it."

"You say well, Jacopo; but I also am an old soldier, and my saddle-bags are full. A fasting body makes but a faint heart, whether for man or beast—on the other hand of the Resa then, we shall call a halt. There is a little light still, enough to increase the pace—so onwards!"

We broke into a hand gallop, keeping one behind the other, and following the windings of a cattle track, for I had purposely avoided the road after receiving the information I had extracted from the sentinel at the San Frediano gate. It was evident that the party of men, followed by Ceci's nephew, had left Florence to carry out some desperate design. I had been dogged all day by this man, and now he had galloped off in disguise to join the men who had left Florence before we had, and amongst them was his uncle. Ceci's words at our last interview, and the persistent manner in which I was followed, left me no room to doubt that I was the object of their attention, and that it would be necessary to keep well on the alert. I did not apprehend danger at once, but thought that if an attack were made it would be in the narrow valley between the low hills to the north of Montespertoli, or at Ponte a Elsa, each of which places was particularly suited for an ambuscade, although, of course, considering their numbers, the attempt might be made elsewhere, and openly, without very much danger. So with another hurried word of warning to Jacopo, and holding my sword ready, I galloped along, increasing the pace as much as possible, whenever we went past a clump of trees, and both of us keeping as sharp a lookout as the light, or rather darkness, permitted. We avoided the regular ford of the Resa on the Montespertoli road, crossing higher up in the direction of Monte Lupo, and here got a good wetting, for the water was deeper than we anticipated. Had Ceci and his friends only lain in wait for us at this point, we should have had no chance. As it happened, however, we had taken a zig-zag route, which had either thrown them off the track entirely, or we should meet them further, at either one of the two spots mentioned by me, or in some other equally convenient locality. At any rate, we were safe for the present, and that was something to be thankful for, even if we were in darkness. So my thoughts ran on as we scrambled somehow to the opposite bank of the Resa, and groped our way up until we felt soft grass under our feet, for we had dismounted on fording the stream, and led our horses by their bridles up the steep left bank. Here we called a halt, determined to await the moon, and Jacopo managed somehow to tether the horses, fastening the halts to the stump of a tree he discovered by stumbling against, and on which he wasted some of those curses he was so anxious for me to reserve for my enemies. After giving the horses their feed, which they nosed out readily enough, despite the darkness, he joined me where I sat on the grass trying to dry and wrapping up the lock of his arquebus in a wooden cap, which he produced, to keep it from damp, he took his seat beside me at my invitation.

"Oh, glorious fool! Did I not tell you my name was Donati? Did I not tell you to say nothing, but merely give the packet

"Did you give the packet?"

"I did, excellency. I rode up, asked who Lady Angiola was, and presented the packet, saying it was from Cavaliere di Savelli, my master."

"I have thought of that," I said; "I propose to go by Leghorn, and taking ship there, proceed to Rome by sea."

"I am ready, your worship," and taking his place a little behind me we hurried on.

"We will have a hard task to get to Rome, unless that the whole country is up, signore," said Jacopo, as we walked along.

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HE COULDN'T BE BLAMED.

Did Everything In His Power to Secure Support But Was Handicapped.

"I suppose it was a little cheeky," said the young man to the old fellow on the rear platform of the car, "but what are you going to do in such a case?"

"Yes, what are you going to do?" queried the old fellow, in reply, though having no knowledge of what was meant.

"I got up the courage to ask her hand in marriage and she murmured yes."

"They generally murmur."

"Then to be in good form, I had to go and ask the old man's consent."

"Perfectly correct, young man—perfectly correct."

"I took a bracer and walked in on him," continued the young man, "and in due time I had stated my case. He waited a decent length of time and then said I could have her."

"That was beautiful—beautiful."

"Yes, as far as it went. Yes that was all right, but I wasn't through with him yet. I had to ask him if he'd lend me a hundred dollars to get married on. Wasn't no other way, you know."

"No, no other way," repeated the old fellow as he got a new brace for his back.

"And he loaned it to you?"

"Noap. Threw me down with a dull thud."

"You don't say!"

"Did for a fact. Yes, the whole thing is off, and I have loved and lost. I don't see where I'm to blame, though."

"Not at bit of it. You loved and wanted to marry; but it takes money to get married on. He had it, but wouldn't lend it. No money—no marriage. Plain as the nose on your face, and you're not a bit to blame. You're a fair, young man, and cheer up and get a grip hold with your toes. You had to do it, and to do it—and anybody as says you hadn't is a liar and a hoss thief and dasn't stand up before the undersigned for three rounds!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THE ICE MACHINE'S PART.

At Last There Has Been a New Feature Introduced Into Uncle Tom's Cabin.

There is a new wrinkle in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" theatrical companies. One of them, which is ransacking the state of New Jersey for audiences, has hit upon the device of buying a refrigerating machine and using real blocks of ice in the scene in which Eliza, pursued by a pack of barking mongrels, crosses the river carrying in her arms a stuffed doll.

The ice-making machine has proved an enormous success. At the Ridgewood opera house, where the ice machine played a few evenings ago, a frantic crowd fought its way through the doors. At the first performance the ice machine was kept in the background. Several cakes were manufactured before the performance and placed on the green haze river. They were carefully sanded on the surface, so that when Eliza made her grand dash for safety she would not turn and dignified somersaults. The ice machine, however, had been so largely advertised that yokels wanted to see it. They sat in their places after the curtain descended upon the solemn death of Little Eva and howled for the ice machine to come out and show itself. The stage manager and a couple of deck hands had to carry it down to the footlights. Then they turned the handle and, amid uproarious applause, the machine produced a cake of real ice.

Since then a part has been written in the play for the ice machine. When the river scenes are to be enacted, the audience are discovered experimenting with the machine. They produce their ice, and not having any immediate use for it turn it into the river, and it sits upon the river surface at proper intervals to accommodate Eliza's footsteps. A colored man comes out and sprinkles sand over the ice in full view of the audience.—Chicago Chronicle.

Under Two Flags.

"What a grand picture it must have been," remarked the boarder who had seen Dewey, "to have seen the Olympia steaming home, the stars and stripes on one mast and the broad pennant on the other."

"Magnificent!" echoed the man in black suspenders, "but think what a picture it would have been to have seen the stars and stripes on one mast and the baseball pennant on the other."—Chicago Evening News.

Can't Miss the Place.

Stranger—Where does that new dentist have his office?

Policeman—You mean the one who pulls teeth without pain?

"Yes."

"Go right around the corner. You will have no trouble finding his office. You can hear his patients yell half a block away."—Ohio State Journal.

A Dear Little Darling—Wigwag—"My wife is the dearest little woman in the world." Watson—"I don't know about that. How much does she cost you?"—Philadelphia Record.

CATARRH.

COLDS COUGHS SORE-THROAT

GRIFFE CROUP HOARSENESS

GENERAL JOE WHEELER

Says of Peruna: "I join Senators Sullivan, Roach and Mc-Enery in their good opinion of Peruna as an effective catarrh remedy."

Through Car Service to Mexico.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—One of the largest daily through car services in the world will be inaugurated by the Santa Fe road Sunday. This line will begin operating a daily first-class sleeper between Kansas City, Mo., and the City of Mexico. The distance between the two points is 2,396 miles. During the entire run there will be no change whatever.

Ambassador Paunceforte in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Lord Paunceforte, the British ambassador, with his family and members of his staff, arrived here at 4:10 o'clock Thursday afternoon. It is probable that the ambassador and the new first secretary of the embassy, Mr. Louther, will call at the state department Friday, and a call also may be made at the white house.

PRACTICAL.

The study of the Bible has wrought wondrous changes in men and in nations. A vast cloud of witnesses testify to its renovating power. Every nation now existing is great, moral and happy in proportion as the Bible is studied and obeyed.

There is much value in great assemblies for Bible study (1), in reviving the interest in such study; (2) in arousing enthusiasm; (3) in bringing light from many sides; (4) in the instruction of men of the deepest experience and widest knowledge.

Ruhlin Wants to Fight Jeffries.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Gus Ruhlin Thursday posted \$1,000 for a fight with James J. Jeffries.

ADM. DEWEY MARRIED.

The Entire Affair Was Kept a Profound Secret; No Spectators Being Present at the Ceremonies.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—Mrs. Mildred M. Hazen and Adm. George Dewey were quietly married at 10 o'clock Thursday morning at the rectory of St. Paul's Catholic church. The ceremony was performed by Rev. James F. Mackin, pastor of the church, assisted by Rev. Joseph A. Foley, assistant pastor, and Rev. Sidney Hurlbut. The ceremony was strictly private and of the simplest character, and was performed with the ring according to the nuptial rites of the Catholic church, and including the address of Father Mackin, consumed less than five minutes. The arrangements for the wedding were made with all the secrecy which has attended the whole affair, and not a single spectator was present.

The bride was accompanied by Mrs. Washington McLean, her mother, and Mrs. Ludlow, her sister, while Adm. Dewey was accompanied by Lieut. Caldwell, his aide. There were no other guests.

At the close of the ceremony Adm. Dewey grasped Father Mackin's hand and said: "Father, I am greatly pleased to have been married by you, for I know that at one time in your life you were a sailor."

After the ceremony the Adm. and Mrs. Dewey entered a carriage and were driven to the residence of Mrs. Washington McLean, where a wedding breakfast was served and at 12:45 they left for New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 10.—Adm. and Mrs. Dewey arrived in New York Thursday night from Washington. They were driven direct from the West Twenty-third street ferry to the Waldorf-Astoria, where they are the guests of Mr. Boldt, the proprietor of that hotel. The admiral and his bride did not register.

WE NEED COALING STATIONS.

Mr. Adm. Bradford, in His Report Shows How Great is the Deficiency in Time of Hostilities.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 10.—The urgent necessity of adequate coaling stations for our war ships is dwelt upon by Mr. Adm. Bradford, chief of the naval bureau of equipment, in his report to the secretary of the navy. He relates the difficulties encountered during the war with Spain in securing coal, transporting it and getting it aboard the ships. "While these efforts were successful," the admiral says, "it was due almost entirely to the near proximity of the theater of war to our own coast.

Adm. Bradford says that a United States fleet if called upon to act at any point across the Atlantic must encounter even greater difficulties than were found by Adm. Cervera. "As a matter of fact," continued Adm. Bradford, it may be stated without fear of contradiction that at present it would be impossible for a United States fleet to carry on active operations during a war anywhere about the coast of Europe, Africa, a large portion of Asia and South America for want of coal."

NEW WAR IMPLEMENT.

A Trolley Kite That Carries a Bomb of High Explosive Power Which is Automatically Released Over an Enemy.

CHICAGO, Nov. 10.—Silas J. Coyne, a carpenter, has invented a new implement of warfare. The device consists of a series of kites, supporting a cable, upon which a "trolley" kite is made to travel. The trolley kite carries a bomb of high explosive power, which is automatically released. By means of specially constructed kites, of which Mr. Coyne is the inventor, he claims to be able to support a cable nearly seven miles in length by using a number of kites in tandem.

The traveling kite will support a weight of more than 20 pounds. It folds automatically upon releasing the bomb and returns of its own weight. Successful practical tests are said to have been made of the kites.

Fupil Dies After Punishment by a Teacher.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 10.—Ten-year-old Blanche Nippold, a pupil at the Morse public school, died at the school building Thursday following slaps and a shaking administered by her teacher. The child's body was distorted and physicians say she had evidently died in a spasm. She was subject to spasms and had heart disease.

Second Fruit—Joy in the Lord.

"Mourn not, nor weep;" You have wept long enough; you have fastened your eyes on your sins too exclusively. V. 10. "Go your way, eat the fat and drink the sweet;" These were expressions of joy and aids to joy. "And send portions," etc. Another way of expressing and of increasing true joy. "Neither be ye sorry;" Sorrow and repentance are never required for their own sake, but for the better things which grow out of them. "For the joy of the Lord is your strength;" Your stronghold, R. V., margin.

Third Fruit—Repentance.

"For all the people wept;" In the new light of the higher truth we suddenly discover that the "robe of righteousness" in which we have been parading is but an "filthy rag."—Prof. Adey.

Fourth Fruit—Faith.

"Believe in God, and you will have a strong hope in the resurrection of the dead."—Prof. Adey.

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Where Love is, there God is also.

(Continued from November 1.)

"That's just what I say," remarked the old woman. "I myself had seven of them,—only one daughter is left." And the old woman began to relate where and how she lived with her daughter, and how many grandchildren she had. "Here," she says, "my strength is only so-so, and yet I have to work. I pity the youngsters—my grandchildren—how nice they are! No one gives me such a welcome as they do. Aksinta won't go to any one but me. (Little grandmother, dear little grandmother, loveliest)—and the old woman grew quite sentimental.

"Of course, it is a childish trick. God be with him," said she, pointing to the boy.

The woman was just about to lift the bag upon her shoulder, when the boy ran up, and says, "Let me carry it, little grandmother: it is on my way."

The old woman nodded her head, and put the bag on the boy's back.

Side by side they both passed along the street. And the old woman even forgot to ask Adam to pay for the apple.

Adam stood motionless and kept gazing after them; and he heard them talking all the time as he walked away. After Adam saw them disappear, he returned to his room; he found his eye-glasses on the stairs,—they were not broken; he picked up his awl, and sat down to work again.

After working a little while, it grew darker, so that he could not see to sew: he saw the lamp-lighter passing by to light the street-lamps.

"It must be time to make a light," he thought to himself; so he fixed his little lamp, hung it up, and betook himself again to work. He had one boot already finished; he turned it around, looked at it: "Well done." He put away his tools, swept off the cuttings, cleared off the bristles and ends, took the lamp, put it on the table, and took down the Gospels from the shelf. He intended to open the book at the very place where he had yesterday put a piece of leather as a mark, but it happened to open at another place; and the moment Adam opened the testament, he recollects his last night's dream. And as soon as he remembered it, it seemed as though he heard some one stepping about behind him. Adam looked around, and sees—there, in the dark corner, it seemed as though people were standing: he was at a loss to know who they were. And a voice whispered in his ear,—

"Martin—ah, Martin! did you not recognize me?"

"Who?" uttered Adam.

"Me," repeated the voice. "It is I;" and Stepanutich stepped forth from the dark corner; he smiled, and like a little cloud faded away, and soon vanished.

"And this is I," said the voice. From the dark corner stepped forth the woman with her child: the woman smiled, the child laughed, and they also vanished.

"And this is I," continued the voice, both the old woman and the boy with the apple stepped forward; both smiled and vanished.

Adam's soul rejoiced: he crossed himself, put on his eye-glasses, and began to read the Evangelists where it happened to open. On the upper part of the page he read,—

"For I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

And on the lower part of the page he read this:—

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (St. Matthew, chap. xxv.).

And Adam understood that his dream did not deceive him; that the Saviour really called upon him that day, and that he really received him.

(The end.)

Alumni and Old Students.

R. P. Lyman, '95, is carrying mail in Buffalo, N. Y. His health, which a year ago was precarious, is considerably improved.

Dr. S. Josephine McCollum, having taken her diploma from the Illinois Medical College, is now acting as intern in the Mary Thompson Hospital, Chicago.

The distinguished Chicago surgeon, Dr. James McCollum, '79, attended a wedding this fall at which he was the groom. Congratulations! Mrs. McCollum is also a physician.

Miss Minnie Stow, whom many will remember, spent her summer vacation at Salt Lake City.

Miss Mary Pearl, a former student, has returned to Berea, and is doing housework at W. D. Candee's.

The Counties.

Copy for this Department must reach the editor on Saturday preceding date of issue.

Owsley County.

South Fork.

Thomas Maupin accidentally fired a pistol and wounded Gilbert Peters, but not very severely.

Come to see us now and we will give you the best spare ribs and "cracklin' bread you ever ate.

The "Cuban Lecture" given at White Oak last Saturday evening was not well attended for some reason.

A large number of Owsley's young people are preparing to attend school at Berea the winter and spring terms.

Prof. S. W. Carnahan of London, Ky., passed through this vicinity last week in the interest of the Sue Bennett Memorial.

One of the saddest events that ever occurred in this county was the death of Miss Nancy Saunders, who committed suicide Nov. 5.

"I wouldn't be without DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for any consideration," writes Thomas B. Rhodes, Centerfield, O. Infallible for piles, cuts, burns and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. S. E. Welch, Jr.

The election passed off quietly here. Dr. J. A. Mahaffey, the Republican nominee for Representative, received a majority of 156 votes in the county.

Geo. Noland, Rockland, O., says "My wife had piles forty years. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured her. It is the best salve in America." It heals everything and cures all skin diseases.

S. E. Welch, Jr.

Estill County.

Locust Branch.

James Bicknell has bought another male.

James Skinner died Thursday; was buried Saturday.

Miss Etta Fowler is visiting Margaret Bicknell this week.

Jimmie Hubbard had his saddle stolen Sunday night at a singing.

Quite a number of people of this place were in Richmond Monday.

C. Gentry is having a good deal of clearing and brush-burning done.

Miss Nannie Bicknell was the guest of Lena Richardson Wednesday night.

Willie Miller of Irvine preached at Beaver Pond Tuesday night, and will preach again Sunday.

You never know what form of blood poison will follow constipation. Keep the liver clean by using DeWitt's Little Early Risers and you will avoid trouble. They are famous little pills for constipation and liver and bowel troubles.

S. E. Welch, Jr.

Madison County.

Dreyfus.

Mr. J. S. Riddell was at Red House on business last week.

J. S. Ogg is doing a good business with his sawmill at this place.

Mrs. B. M. Young, after a lingering illness of more than two months, is now slowly recovering.

Mrs. Lella Weinburg, of Cincinnati, is the guest of her parents, Rev. and Mrs. James Young.

Miss Nannie Cormack, of Richmond, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. S. C. Todd, this week.

Mrs. Kate Hurley has returned home after a delightful visit with relatives and friends at this place.

Lagrippe, with its after effects, annually destroys thousands of people. It may be quickly cured by One Minute Cough Cure, the only remedy that produces immediate results in coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, and throat troubles. It will prevent consumption.

S. E. Welch, Jr.

Clay County.

Ogle.

Adam Baker, of Flat Lick, visited friends here Saturday.

Mrs. Lizzie Swafford visited her father near Flat Lick last week.

T. J. Holecomb goes to Barbourville once a week after goods.

Fleming Keen, of Bright Shade, has bought a farm from Wm. Means, and will move to this neighborhood soon.

T. F. Clark was here Friday. He expects to move his photo gallery to Knox county to this locality.

Dr. W. Wixom, Italy Hill, N. Y., says, "I heartily recommend One Minute Cough Cure. It gave my wife immediate relief in suffocating Asthma." Pleasant to take. Never fails to quickly cure all coughs, colds, lung and throat troubles.

S. E. Welch, Jr.

A Letter from Sile.

Dear Citizen:

I thought as how I'd write an' tell ye 'bout the talk I had 'tother day with Tom Martin when he come over to our county court house.

"Tom," says I, "how'd that election go over'n your county? Tollable close, wan't it?"

"Yes, Sile," says he, "it was mighty close, but that no count feller Johnson went in 'an had sixty odd votes to spare. I was powerful anxious to see Jim Brown go to the legislature to represent us temperance fellers, for we need a county local option law down our way right bad, but them sixty votes tipped the beam 'tother way an' there we are."

"Lost yer vote, did ye, Tom?" says I; "that's bad now sure."

"Yes," says he, "your right it's bad. An I tell ye, Sile, what I've been a thinkin'. We men what voted for Brown, an' couldn't elect him an' couldn't send him to talk for us in Frankfort ain't goin' to be represented in that ar legislature, are we?"

"No," says I, "you ain't represented."

"But I pay my state an' county taxes, ten flat dollars every year. Now what does the good old Declaration say about taxation without representation?"

"Tyranny," says I. An' then I fell a thinkin', an' I says, I, "Tom, this 'ere district way of electin', everybody a votin', an' one candidat a gettin' the whole an' sole one office, is about like ten men a ownin' a saw-mill, an' they take to votin', an' the feller what gets the most votes bags the whole profit. There ain't a man what 'ud call that fair."

"No," says he, "an' I tell ye, Sile, bout a new way of electin' I've just heard tell about. They call it 'proportional representation', if my memory ain't got crooked."

"Well, how do they work it?"

"Simple enough," says he. "They give about eight representatives to big district, an' then they divide 'em up fair an' square. If the parties hang about equal they take four a piece, but if one gets much ahead, they make it five an' three. An' if there's Populists enough to elect one man out o' the eight, let 'em have him. I say, I ain't no Populist myself, but let every man vote his sentiments, is what I say, an' let him have a representative to talk for him at Frankfort,—man that he's voted for, an' not a man that those who are agin him have done the votin' for."

"Tom," says I, "you're right. I'd love to see that kind o' law enacted. An' wouldn't it be fine," says I, "to have the best and popular men in each party go to Frankfort to make our laws for us? Why, the way things are now, the very best an' smartest Republican in the state may live in a Democratic district, an' the best an' smartest Democrat may live in a Republican district, so they can't do a thing, nor their friends an' admirers can't for 'em, but some second class, fussy fellers slip in in their place."

"Why yes," says he, "Pres. McKinley himself got knocked out o' congress, 'cause they gerrymandered the state up so, but they couldn't work no gerrymander if the representation was proportional. The will o' the people will get there every time sure, an' the most popular men 'ud get the votes what 'ud put 'em in."

"But what's the use o' talkin', Tom?" says I; "we ain't got this law, an' we ain't likely to."

"Yes we be," says Tom, "an' you'll live to see it. They're tryin' it already in some places, particularly over in a country 'n Europe called—le's see, what do they call it? Tain't England, tain't France, but just a little nice country up north. Seems like it's 'Beulah land,' or su'than' beginnin' with a B."

"Belgium?" says I.

"That's it," says he, "that's it. They've been a tryin' it in Belgium an' like it ever so much, an' they're talkin' about tryin' it here with us."

Then Tom had to go an' feed his horses, but I set still an' kep' a thinkin'." An' I thought as how I'd write to you about it, Mr. CITIZEN, an' maybe you'd publish it for all your folks to read, so's they could be a thinkin' it over, too.

Yours truly,

SILAS SHINGLES.

Shooting Stars! Look Out!

The shooting stars which we see at night are caused by little pieces of stone or iron, generally no bigger than pebbles or even grains of sand, which are flying through outer space at a rate of many miles a second, and which, when they strike the earth's air, are heated by the friction and are burned up.

Once in thirty-three years there is a special great shower of these, when hundreds and thousands can be seen in a single night, and as nearly as astronomers can reckon, this shower will occur to-morrow morning, Thursday, Nov. 16, between midnight and daylight. It is barely possible that the shower may be a few hours ahead of or behind time, so as to come during daylight, but that is not likely, and all who want to see one of the rarest and most splendid sights the sky ever affords, should not fail to rise in the night and watch for it. The shower may last two or three days, but will be heaviest at the time mentioned.

Very rarely a shooting star is as bright as the moon, and really as large as a bushel basket, or even a wagon-bed. In that case, pieces of it are sure to fall to the ground. When E. G. Dodge, of Berea, was in Europe, he saw in the Vienna Museum a section of an iron stone which had fallen at Eagle Station, Carroll Co., Ky., and had been sent all that way across the ocean to be shown as a curiosity among others of the same kind.

The distinguished Chicago surgeon, Dr. James McCollum, '79, attended a wedding this fall at which he was the groom. Congratulations! Mrs. McCollum is also a physician.

Miss Minnie Stow, whom many will remember, spent her summer vacation at Salt Lake City.

Miss Mary Pearl, a former student, has returned to Berea, and is doing housework at W. D. Candee's.

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS.

THE SCHOOL.

Edited by MRS. ELIZA H. YOCUM, Dean of the Normal Department, Berea College.

Watch the Fires.

To the east of Berea about two or three miles lies a tract of several hundred acres that is covered with a fine growth of young timber, mostly oaks and pines. Not much of the old growth is left, but we are told that the original growth was very heavy and that fifty years ago a large saw mill did a flourishing business in there.

Some one has said that the British

play more games than any other nation, and that this makes them the biggest hustlers in the world's work. Some one else has said that the reason the American gunners shot so straight at Manila and Santiago was that they played marbles when they were boys!

This, of course, is an exaggeration, but playing good games (unless the thing be overdone) is not only fine sport, but profitable, as well. It wakes us up and educates us.

Here is something a trifle new. Clear off the dining table, and let the whole family sit around it, first choosing sides.

Lay a blown egg-shell in the center, and at the count of "one two, three," let all blow at it from their lips at once, and the side which first succeeds in blowing it to the opposite end (or into a square marked with chalk) wins the contest. This is a fine game, provided no member of the family has his breath tainted by much use of tobacco!

We all know how to play checkers, but do the children understand that simple yet interesting game, "Three Men Morris?" Draw a square on slate or paper. Draw four lines through the center, one of them sideways, one up and down, and two corner ways.

Let each player take three checker men, buttons, or kernels of corn (red and white). Then one player lays a man on one of the nine spots where lines come together, and the other follows, each trying to lay his three men in a row and to prevent the other from doing so. If neither succeeds at first, the players take turns in moving their men along the lines, one step at a time, until one or the other succeeds in making a row.

Those who have been to school in the summer will enjoy this easy spelling game. One of the party thinks of something in the room, (or, if you prefer, something on the farm,) and names the letter with which it begins, as C for chair, B for bed, etc. The one who first guesses the object has the right of naming the next object to be guessed.

Take a string to the stem of a large apple and let it hang freely from the rafter or ceiling, and about five feet from the floor. Then see who is smart enough to bite the apple without touching the hands to it.

Some of us have enjoyed great sport

by setting a lighted candle on the table, placing one of our number in front of it, and then securely blindfolding him. Tell him to step back three steps, turn around three times, step forward three steps, and then blow out the candle. He must not use his hands to find the corner of the table, but must blow straight ahead.

The oldest chartered school in the United States is here. The William Penn Charter School for boys has been in existence for more than two centuries